

# The Ohio Democrat

## AND DOVER ADVERTISER.

HILL & MITCHENER.—PUBLISHERS.

CANAL DOVER, TUSCARAWAS COUNTY, (OHIO) JANUARY 3, 1840

VOLUME I.

NUMBER 22.

### POETRY.

#### THE STREAM OF DEATH.

There is a stream whose narrow tide  
The known and unknown worlds divide,  
Where all must go—  
Its waveless waters, dark and deep,  
Mid sullen silence, downward sweep  
With moanless flow.

I saw where, at the dreary flood,  
A smiling infant prattling stood,  
Whose hour was come;  
Unto that of ill, it neared the tide,  
Bunk, as to crumpled rest, and died  
Like going home.

Followed with languid eye anon,  
A youth, diseased, and pale, and wan;  
And there alone  
He gazed upon the leaden stream,  
And feared to plunge—I heard a scream,  
And he was gone.

And thus a form in manhood's strength,  
Came hustling on, till there at length  
He saw life's bound;  
He shrunk and raised the bitter prayer  
To late—his shriek of wild despair  
The waters drowned.

Next stood upon that surgeless shore,  
A being bowed with many a store  
Of toilsome years.  
Earth bound and dead he left the bank,  
Back turned his dimming eye, and sank,  
Ah! full of fears.

How bitter must thy waters be,  
O death! How hard a thing, ah me!  
It is to die!  
I mused—when to that stream again,  
Another child of mortal men,  
With smiles drew nigh.

"The last pang," he calmly said—  
"To me, O Death! thou hast no dread  
Saviour, I come!  
Spread but thine arms on yonder shore  
I see I yet waters, bear me o'er!  
There is my home!"

For the Democrat  
EDMUND AND ADELINE.  
ORIGINAL.

"Dear scenes of bliss by fancy given,  
To cheat the enraptured gazing eye,  
Say why alas! ye promise heaven,  
And give but disappointment's sigh."

Such thoughts as these occurred to the mind of Edmund, as he walked out the next evening after his return. He wended his way towards the summit of the little hill on which stood the neat white cottage, that once contained all he held dear on earth. "How often," thought he, "have I trod this path when my mind was lit up with pleasing anticipations; but now, instead of pleasing thoughts and bright hopes, strange forebodings and bitter remorse, have taken their place in this sensitive but I fear too susceptible bosom. "Dearest Adeline, I love thy injured name; but why should I love one so unworthy: no it will not do, I must think of thee no more."

But Edmund took a young man of good will and learning, did not at this time reflect a moment in what sort of a world he lived—he did not cast his eyes over the daily circle of passing events—and view the changes in the great drama of Time, and the deception that dwells in the human breast. Instead of this, he suffered his senses to be deluded by deceptive appearances; the falsehoods he had learned came from the lips of those whose veracity he thought must not be doubted, because they wore the garb of virtue and the appearance of accomplishment.

Alas! how often are we deceived by the assumption of that virtue to which wealth and influence can alone give a polish; while those who are indeed worthy and virtuous, are treated with contempt, and spurned from society because they are the children of adversity. But we must return to our tale.

Edmund Carlton was a young man of more than ordinary appearance, tho' there are few who admire personal beauty, in the male sex; yet all who beheld Edmund, could not avoid admiring his youthful form of manly beauty. His dignified yet condescending disposition, always commanded respect, and often love. Shortly after he came to the village of E— he became acquainted with Adeline Hansworth, a young lady of surpassing beauty and accomplishments, and also possessed of a mind that did not endeavor to display the beauty of her person, or that of its own deep yet clear imagination, which is indeed something extraordinary in the present day. Adeline was brought up by religious parents, she was an only child and received all the instruction their means would allow; they sent her to a private boarding school when quite young, but so fondly was she attached to her parents, that it was impossible for her to remain there long. She knew her parents were capable of teaching her at home, which they did; they were careful to implant in her mind the ways of wisdom and virtue. She was almost constantly an inmate of her father's house; she was not fond of vain amusements, consequently she did not min-

gle with the vain.

Edmund well knew where real virtue was to be found; he knew it was not in the ballroom, or amongst the giddy throng of fashionables, who laugh and chat when they have nothing to say, in order to draw attention, but in some retired spot where vice is not known—where little is contemplated but the "creation of nature, and the great Author of their being, which of all meditations is the most sweet to nature's children.

Edmund found in her a kindred spirit—in her he found perfection, he thought her all that heaven could demand—holy, virtuous and lovely. His visits to her father's, became frequent, he even loved to view the garden, the walk, the purring stream that murmured near the cottage—the evening shades and morning dews: all tended to thrill the bosom of Edmund with pleasing sensations. Adeline was as pleased to receive his visits as he was to give them; she soon began to feel the tender passion rising in her breast, although she did not even breathe it to the air; but notwithstanding her endeavors to conceal it, her looks betrayed the feelings of her heart, at least whilst in the presence of Edmund.

They often walked together and conversed in private; weeks and months passed in this manner, but still the secret had not yet by words been revealed; no vows had yet been interchanged, until one evening they walked out into the garden; it was a pleasant evening towards the latter end of May, the time when Nature is adorned in her most beautiful dress.

Charmed with the calmness and serenity of the evening, and the secluded beauties of the spot, they seated themselves in a remote corner of the garden.

"Adeline," said Edmund as he gently pressed her hand, "it is needless for me to tell you I love you, my affection for you, you have doubtless known long ere now," "can I," said he, "hope my love is returned?" Her youth and extreme coyness, prevented a reply, "do tell me Adeline," he continued, "that which will make me happy or miserable? O not miserable, never, no never!" At this moment they heard approaching footsteps, and looking round, saw Miss Eaton a young lady from the village.

When she saw Edmund and Adeline, she affected an air of pleasantry, her jealous eye resting on the beautiful form of Adeline. "I fear," said she, "I have interrupted you, I judge you have had quite a pleasant conversation this evening." "It has been quite pleasant to me indeed," said Edmund.

"I am glad you have come up this evening," said Adeline, as Miss Eaton joined them; "let us walk into the house, Emily no doubt is weary walking up the hill."

They were all received with pleasant congratulations by Mr. and Mrs. Hansworth, who bade them be seated, and a pleasant conversation ensued; pleasant at least, to all except Miss Eaton, who assumed to be the most pleased of all, for deception had been practiced by her so long that she had the art of deceiving male and female.

In a short time tea was announced, after partaking of which, Miss Eaton prepared to return home. Edmund of course must accompany her. Adeline stepped into another apartment to get Emily's bonnet. Edmund embracing her favorable opportunity, followed. "I must have an answer to my question," he was interrupted in the garden by Miss Eaton, and taking hold of her hand and hindering her departure from the room, "I must have an answer he continued. Adeline blushed and looked downwards, at length she replied "I do love you Edmund," and immediately withdrew her hand and left the room, a deep blush overspreading her countenance.

In a short time Mr. Carlton and Miss Eaton took their leave, and returned to the village.

"A light comes dancing to the eve,  
When joy and hope are in the heart;  
A secret spell of magic sigh,  
That words nor pen can utter in part."

After they had departed, Adeline walked out alone, that she might have an opportunity of meditating on the events of the evening. Every thing she beheld had a double charm, the setting sun, the distant grove, the flowers, and even the song of the lark, seemed to have more melody in it; every thing that was beautiful, concurred with the feelings of her young and innocent heart. It must be admitted by all, that there is not any one who can resist the desire of even taking a pleasure in ascertaining they are beloved, especially when it is reciprocating their own. Oh! there's nothing that thrills the bosom of the sensitive and young, like the first breathings of true and uninterested love; there is a rapture in it almost heavenly; it is a moment never to be forgotten.

Adeline was delighted to think she was beloved by Edmund Carlton, the one dearest to her on earth—she knew he was worthy of her warmest affections, there was nothing like guilt in

his thought, in short her heart was indeed buoyant with hope and love. She never once thought of an intervening obstacle; she had not been long enough on the turbulent sea of life, to appreciate the danger of its billows.

"But the course of true love never did run smooth."

The next evening after Edmund had been there, he received a letter from his father requesting his immediate return home; and wishing him to remain there two or three months. He immediately repaired to Mr. Hansworth's to inform Adeline of the event. This was very unpleasant news to Adeline, but still she knew he would not be long absent, consequently their separation was not so painful as it would have been, had there been no hopes of his return.

As they separated, reciprocal promises were made to correspond with each other, during all the time of his absence; but still after he was gone Adeline felt a sadness in her heart for which she could not account; in vain she would try to rally her spirits, but the secret foreboding still was there.

In a few days after Edmund's departure Mr. Hansworth was taken extremely ill; the physician soon informed them, that it was impossible for him to recover. This was shocking news to his wife and daughter, so strongly were they attached to him, it seemed almost impossible to give him up; but the grim monster soon done his work. Mr. Hansworth lingered but two weeks when he was taken out of this world, but gave evidence that he had gone to a better.

After their grief was a little subdued Adeline felt her mother doubly endeared to her; she thought they might still be happy; she knew by their industry and economy they might live comfortably on the small fortune they had left. But the fates had otherwise decreed; Adeline it seemed was misfortune's child. Not long after her father died, her mother was taken with the same fever, and in a few days followed her husband. This was almost too much for the delicate young Adeline, she thought heaven had forsaken her, she was left an orphan amongst strangers, without one relation near; kind friends endeavored to assuage her grief, but she for a time refused to be comforted; at length she called sound reason and holy religion to her aid, which will illuminate the dark wilderness, and smooth the thorny path of life, for those who are in possession of them. Adeline in all her troubles, trusted in heaven, she would often be seen breathing a fervent prayer to Him who is the orphan's guide.

When she became somewhat settled in her mind, she did not know what to do; she did not think it altogether prudent to remain at the cottage; she was advised by several friends, different ways: some thought it best for her to retire to the young woman and boy, her father had, and continue to live at her own house. Others thought she had better remove to the village, and make her home with some friend; but she felt an aversion to it, so strongly was she attached to her home. At length she was persuaded and insisted on, by numerous friends, particularly by Mr. Eaton's family who seemed anxious she should reside with them. She at length complied with their request, and with reluctance discharged the girl and boy to whom she was strongly attached, and removed to the house of Mr. Eaton.

Edmund had now been gone almost half the time he was to have been absent, but Adeline had not yet heard from him; which caused her great uneasiness, could it be possible he had forgotten her, or had some accident befallen him! At length she was assured the latter was not the case, by being informed that Mr. Wilson, his partner, had received a letter from him, and that he expected to return against the time specified. This was strange news to Adeline, her suspense became extreme. Her trouble some time after his departure, had been so great concerning the loss of her parents that she did not realize the uneasiness his silence would otherwise have caused. At length the time came when Mr. Carlton was expected—expected not only by Adeline but all his acquaintances. Adeline felt the bitterness of uncertainty and suspense, which are always almost too intolerable to be borne; hope and fear alternately took their place in her bosom. She had hopes and fears if he did return whether his love for her remained steadfast. Adeline thought if he would return and manifest the same kindness to her, and be the same dearest friend to her, he had formerly been, her feelings would be different; she might enjoy some comfort, for she felt now that she had no friend to whom she could unbosom her thoughts, and pour out her troubles and secrets. Mr. Eaton's family were kind to her it was true, particularly Mr. Eaton himself; but still Adeline felt a secret reluctance to ask sympathy of them.

"How bright those scenes of pleasure past,  
When from those we love are riven;  
The heart could wish again to taste  
Those pleasures as a gift of heaven."

One evening Adeline was sitting at her chamber window reflecting on the past, and viewing the sun as it sunk behind the trees, which cast their sable shades over the village, while the retiring beams of day adorned the eastern om-

inence with gentle lustre; the air was freshened by sweet western breezes. Her spirits were unusually light this evening, there was something like joy mingled with hope flitted across her mind for which she could not account. She was suddenly interrupted by a rap at her chamber door, she arose and opened it, when to her joy and astonishment who entered but Edmund Carlton. "Dearest friend I am glad to see you," she exclaimed, he extended his hand but she did not receive it, she sank into a chair and burst into a flood of tears. Nothing was heard in the room for a few minutes save the sobs of Adeline, thoughts of the past resounded her mind, her situation when they separated contrasted with her present one, filled her heart with that grief that cannot be repressed.

At length Edmund endeavored to console her; he told her she should not grieve, she must dry up her tears, and spoke soothingly to her; but Adeline thought she could perceive something in his manner that was cold, he was friendly to be sure, but it was not that heart touching sympathy that he would have manifested on such an occasion before he went away. On perceiving this Adeline immediately dried up her tears, her pride was aroused, she conversed with ease. Edmund perceived, but attributed this quick change in her conduct to an unsteady mind; so much had he heard concerning her bad behaviour whilst he was absent, that he, altho' he loved her, could not avoid having hard thoughts. He did not tarry long, and when he departed Adeline bid him a cold adieu, but when he was gone her tears flowed plentifully.

Adeline was young and ardently impassioned by first impressions—her affections animated and unmixed, she knew it would be hard to relinquish her fond attachment, but she possessed a noble and independent mind, therefore she endeavored to try; but alas! it was bitter mockery, woman's love is not so easily obliterated from their naturally fond bosoms; they may call pride and selfreliance to aid them in the struggle, but all will not do.

"Concealment like a worm in the bud,  
Will feed on their damask cheeks."

Mr. Carlton called frequently at Mr. Eaton's, he watched Adeline closely, but could never observe any thing like imprudence or capriciousness in her conduct, although he received hints to the contrary, from both Mrs. Eaton and Emily, he did not at all times give them credit. His affections daily grew warmer towards Adeline; he felt a secret sympathy and an ardent desire for her welfare. He often sought an opportunity to converse with her alone, but of this he was deprived, Emily was always near when he was present.

At length it entered the mind of Adeline that Emily was her enemy, her mind had always heretofore been free from suspicion as from guilt, but now she knew there must be some secret cause for all the cold treatment she daily met with; her friends had almost all become estranged. She also perceived since Mr. Carlton's return, that Emily wished his company extremely, but she could perceive too, that their wishes were not exactly mutual. Adeline would sometimes think she was entertaining wrong views of Miss Eaton, she would call every thing to mind, her friendly manner towards her when her parents died, likewise the coldness Edmund first manifested on his return; she knew or at least she thought they had not corresponded while he was absent. But still notwithstanding her endeavors to dispel these unpleasant feelings, every day brought something with it to confirm her belief of Emily's guilt; she was daily receiving insults and for what cause she knew not. Could it be they did not wish her to remain here any longer! she would then think of getting the two servants she had discharged and returning back to her own cottage; she would again think it would be imprudent. Mr. Eaton was absent on a long journey, and her acquaintance was so limited, she had no kind friend to ask advice of but him; she would not stoop to ask counsel of Edmund Carlton, her situation was miserable in the extreme.

At length it entered the mind of the ill hearted Emily, to do something that she thought would forever cast a shade on Adeline's character, and make her appear as insignificant as possible in the eyes of Edmund, but happily for Adeline it terminated in a different way. She therefore invited all the young ladies and Gentlemen in the village to come and spend the evening, as it was the custom of the day to have evening parties; every gentleman had his lady carefully pointed out, she at the same time reserving Edmund for herself. The evening at length arrived, Adeline did not know any thing of the party until the company were collecting, she made enquiry of some of the servants what was going on, and was informed.

This was too much of an insult for the already harassed mind of Adeline, she was overwhelmed with grief, she did not wish to be in the company; she knew she could not enjoy herself there, but the disrespect with which she was treated, wounded her feelings past description. She retired to her chamber

and there gave vent to a flood of tears; she was determined to quit the house immediately, but it was dark and she was compelled to stay till morning.

She took her bible, (the book that her parents had often told her always to take as the man of her council) and read and meditated, her tears often preventing her from discerning the words. At length she laid her book aside and knelt down and was breathing a fervent prayer, her face happened to be towards the door—the dim light of the candle reflected on her sweet angelic countenance; in this attitude she was breathing her whole soul to God, when Edmund who had stole away from the company and walked up stairs, had softly approached her chamber door, he could discern through the keyhole there was light and looking through it, he had a full view of Adeline's beautiful countenance he could hear some of her expressions and see the crystal tears trickling down her pale cheeks. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed—"can deception, can guilt of any kind dwell in that lovely bosom; no it cannot be, dearest Adeline you have been wronged, but I swear by all that's sacred I will prove thy innocence. Thou shalt yet be mine!" he gently exclaimed, and leaving her chamber door he walked down stairs.

As he entered the door Miss Eaton met him, for she had been waiting his return with impatience. "You look dejected this evening Mr. Carlton," said she, pray what is the matter? you do not seem to enjoy yourself as I wish you should." "I do not," said he, "and the cause of my dejection you shall know hereafter," he continued, and walking to the farthest part of the room, seated himself and did not observe any thing that was going on. Emily's eyes followed him, she watched him with a scrutinizing gaze she could see the workings of his bosom. The whole truth rushed upon her—he had been up in Adeline's chamber, he still loved her and believed her innocent and likewise discovered her own perfidy.

The company soon broke up, every one went to their respective abodes, Edmund also repaired quickly to his lodging. It was long before he could close his eyes to sleep; as soon as he would fall into a slumber, he fancied he saw Adeline in the same position he had seen her in the evening.

As for Adeline she did not close her eyes during the night; she was meditating on what she would do in the morning. She determined however, let the consequence be what it might, to return back to the cottage; she looked for nothing but misery, and distress of mind, therefore she wished to live as retired as possible. "O my dearest parents," she would often exclaim "if you knew to what misery—unparalleled misery, your poor child is exposed. Oh! that heaven had permitted my spirit to have taken its flight to the place where yours have gone!" Early in the morning Adeline commenced packing up her clothing in order to have them removed, some of the family were up, and seen her, who told Emily. On hearing this she was stunned—she could not think where she was going. She did not know how to introduce herself to Adeline that morning after such an open insult; she told her mother she should go up and persuade her not to go, she feared her father's anger when he should return, if he would find out how she had been treated.

Mrs. Eaton went up stairs and found Adeline busied in arranging her things for a removal, while the tears ran down her cheeks like rain.

"Why what is the matter child; where are you going?" "I am going home," was all she could articulate. "What! not back to that lonely cottage?" ejaculated Mrs. Eaton. I would not for worlds," nor would Mr. Eaton permit you if he was at home. "I do not think Mr. Eaton would have any objections, if he knew how I am treated."

"You must not be offended because you were not invited to the party last evening," said Mrs. Eaton. "Emily knew you would not attend or she would have given you an invitation." Adeline did not make her any answer to this last phrase, for she was aware of its falsehood. Breakfast was shortly announced, but Adeline would not eat, her resolution was fixed. Mrs. Eaton went down to breakfast and was met by Emily who anxiously enquired where she was going; her Mother told all, which grieved her very much to think her plan had succeeded so badly. They were seated at the table and conversing about Adeline very busily, when Edmund Carlton entered the room. His countenance was sad, he appeared agitated and ruffled, he seated himself and waited till Emily arose from the table, he told her he wished to have an interview of a few minutes with her if she pleased. She assented and they immediately left the room. "You must go up to Miss Hansworth's room," said he as they entered the hall, "pray what for Mr. Carlton?" "you will know when you get there," said he. Emily

stopped, she did not know whether to proceed or not, however she had not much time to consider she deliberately walked up stairs, and they both entered Adeline's room at the same time.

Adeline was still busied in preparing for her departure. Emily spoke very pleasantly, and was about to commence pouring out kind words when she was interrupted by Edmund who addressed Adeline, saying he wished to ask her a few questions. "Did you," said he, "not receive any letters from me during my absence, by the hands of Miss Eaton?" "I did not," she replied, "Did you ever keep private company with a Mr. G— (a young gentleman of a lewd character) or any others?" she answered in the negative. "Miss Eaton," said he, addressing her "how could you tell such falsehoods on this innocent orphan?" She was confounded—she did not reply but instantly left the room, and did not show herself that day to any person except her mother who was as guilty as herself.

It is needless to try to describe their interview when left alone, it is easier to imagine it, suffice it to say faults were acknowledged and pardon granted and before they left the room, the place, day and hour, was fixed that was to make Adeline Hansworth Mrs. Carlton, which was accordingly done. Edmund removed her that day to the house of a friend where she remained until they were married. Adeline still lives and enjoys all the felicity this world can afford; Emily still lives also, respected by few and loved by none.

PHILINA.

### From the Genesee Farmer.

#### SCHOOL FOR AGRICULTURE.

The very great success which has attended agricultural schools wherever they have been instituted; the improved systems of farming they have been the means of producing; the knowledge they have diffused on the science and practice of agriculture; and the increased amount of product given from farms cultivated by skill and according to the improved methods taught at such schools should cause their adoption in every part of the country; at least should banish the foolish prejudices which have so long existed against them. In France, in Belgium, in Prussia, in England, and in Ireland, they have been tried with the best effects, and are continued with increasing success. In all these countries a farm is selected on which the various operations of farming can be profitably shown, and performed and where under the direction of competent instructors, boys of a proper age are taught the various processes necessary to the cultivation of the soil. A certain number of hours daily is devoted to out-door labor, while the rest of the time is occupied with duties or studies as shall be deemed the most beneficial to the individuals.

Several such schools have been commenced on the continent of Europe, or a magnificent scale; but the most common, and those that promise to be the most useful, have been established by individual enterprise, or associations of individuals, each contributing his part of the expense, and sharing in the profits of the undertaking. Such schools in connection with Agricultural Societies, fairs, and shows, are exercising a potent influence on the cultivation of the soil, making men acquainted with the improved methods of farming the choicest kinds of stock of all kinds, and the best methods of breeding them so as to prevent deterioration. We hope to see agricultural schools common in our country. There can be no good reason given, why men intended for farmers should not be instructed fully in their profession when young; or why if necessary, the aid of the state should not be afforded to their establishment and endowment. When, however, the public mind is sufficiently enlightened on these topics, agricultural schools will be established where needed without waiting for the tedious and uncertain cooperation and aid of legislatures, as fairs are now held, without such assistance. What the people will, they perform; and we hope on the subjects of Agricultural School and Societies, they will decide and act promptly and effectively.

### THE SABBATH MORNING.

"Perhaps it may turn out a song—  
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

This is the Sabbath morning, and it brings a quiet, refreshing calm to the feelings—a seventh day sabbath to the mind. It stuns the soul of the morally good man to religious reflection, and to the heart of him who once trod the path of error it imparts a glow of heavenly hope. The man whom an all-wise Providence has saved from sickness, or snatched from the jaws of death, now, in mental accents, expresses to Him to whose protective life he owes his existence, his gratitude. The survey of his beloved home, of his wife of his bosom, of his children, of contentment reigns on his countenance, he turns to his little possessions with a new view, before his vision is the countenance of his dear ones; and as he gazes on them, his heart is filled with love and gratitude.